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LIVING AND LOVING THE YOUNG MUSLIM LIFESTYLE

At your doorsteps

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The heavens poured down on me

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Performing Hajj the radiant muslim style

Some years back, a little before when I was about to venture off to the greatest journey of my lifetime, my respected Sheikh asked me, *"Beta* why do we go on Hajj?"

…And my heart skipped a beat. I somehow managed to mutter that the intention was to renew *taubah* (repentance) and develop *taqwa,* but as they say, 'easier said than done'. I knew it needed a lot of groundwork, for if there wasn't an improved spiritual condition following my Hajj, Allah ﷻ forbid, it will be a sign of it not being Hajj-e-Mabroor (the Hajj which Allah ﷻ has accepted).

Thus I set off in preparations as I wanted to be sure that I was kitted up with the main possessions which would make my experience of Hajj much easier and sacred. I'm a great fan of writing down everything, thus I started with making a checklist. Not the clothes, slippers and nail-cutter one but a much more essential list. I read Hajj books, listened to lectures and here is a taste of what I came up with.

- Beginning the journey by leaving my comfort and food preferences at home.
- Correcting the use of eyes, ears and tongue and constantly supervising them.
- Keeping my speech soft and sweeter than sugar. Never getting angry no matter what.
- Keeping the tongue moist with *dhikr,* reciting *durood, astaghfaar* and 3rd *kalimah tamjeed.*
- Making loads of dua for myself and all others. Also, during times of difficulty, instead of showing impatience, making dua with humbleness. Reciting Surah Nasr and Quraish.
- Constantly remaining in the state of Wudhu.
- Throughout the journey, being concerned about following the Sunnah.
- Not falling into the affairs of others without need.
- Taking service to other Hujjaaj as a reward and means of salvation, instead of thinking it to be useless.
- Protecting myself from pride and any sort of show-off.
- Practicing *Muraqabah* (contemplating upon Allah's ﷻ blessings, my death etc).
- Not wasting my precious time, for example, by going to the shopping centres, spending time on phone, writing letters, etc.
- Refraining from criticism of the inhabitants of the sacred places, having respect for everything there.
- Not being displeased with the heat, people or difficulty in experiences. No complaining at all!
- Constantly looking at the Kabah with love and respect.
- Doing everything with concentration and sincerity so to achieve the pleasure of Allah ﷻ alone.
- Taking due time to aptly fulfill each and every article of Hajj; instead of hurrying. Also, keeping in mind the comfort of others.
- Hajj is a journey of love and this love of Allah ﷻ must protect me from disobeying Him.

And so it all begins. Chanting the reply to Allah's ﷻ command to Ibraheem ﷺ: *labbaik!* 'At Your service, here I am!' the Hajjis are seen stripping away all their pretentiousness; winding on the Ihram, as though ready for the grave and its questioning angels. Men are heard reciting the Talbiah loudly and you get goose bumps.

Soon you find yourselves amidst a multitude of people. Are these all Muslims? Amazing, *Subhan'Allah!* But right then your heart is somewhere else. Where's the Kabah? Now you find yourself almost struggling with the temptation to push to quickly go ahead. Patience! Patience! You feel your pulse rate rising.

After a little more walking, you finally raise your head. And there you are: witnessing a flicker of Allah ﷻ! And now your tears know no end.

The radiance of the Kabah makes us see our sins, and as we look within, we are horrified by what we see. Wrongs never put right, hearts never healed, sins never really left, all painfully come to the mind. Everyone else around seems to be talking – but the voices are of pilgrims engrossed in private prayers.

So blessed is the Ummah with a place this holy and divine. Blessed indeed are the pilgrims carrying out the service with complete sincerity. But in reality, the truly blessed - made pure and free from all sins - are the pilgrims who perform Hajj with its true regard. May Allah ﷻ include all of us amongst those blessed ones. Ameen.

Assalamu aleykum warahmatullahu wabarakatuh

Bint Zahid
editor.radiance@gmail.com

Assalam-o-Alaikum!

First I would like to thank you so much for publishing my previous letter. I think Radiance magazine gives us a chance to write and read something different. The magazine brings out informative items in every issue. Please continue this knowledgeable effort. I also want to give you a suggestion that please add the world continent's history in your magazine.

Jazak'Allah,

Mehreen Durrani

I thought to drop by in your letters' section as you people are really doing an amazing job. All articles are very well-executed; I especially like the Ed's den for its brilliant pieces of advice in a lively style. The story 'That look of contempt' is also going great. May Allah ﷻ accept your efforts and grant the magazine more and more success.

Kudos, Team Radiance!

Ali Waheed

Asalamu aleykum,

I really like the magazine and The Radiance Club's idea is great. Best of luck and keep up with the good work.

Fatima Shariq

Jazakumullahu kheiren to everyone for getting in touch. Although we make every attempt to provide a wide sampling of feedback, we regret that we are unable to publish all letters. However, it is very encouraging to feel the goodwill and support of you all. So keep it rolling.

...Ed

Do you have what it takes to be a Radiance Ambassador?

Dear Radiance Club members,

Now you have the opportunity to become a part of the Radiance Team by being your Radiance Club's Ambassador as well as earn *ajr.*

Upon approval, you would be required to convey the magazine's special deals and other offers in your friends and family circle. You would also notify us of any upcoming events in your institute or community and by the end of every month you will be telling us in what ways were you able to promote the cause of Radiance.

Each volunteer would be given a subscription kit including promotion items, a Radiance magazine customised backpack, sample magazines, etc. They would also be given Radiance Ambassador Certificates as well as special gifts for monthly top performers.

This privilege is for a selected number of members only. So send in your name, age, mailing address, contact number and name of school/institute/madressah and be the first to win this juicy opportunity.

Real dirt

by ***Hajra Salman Omar***

A fictitious account of a girl dodging her parents and thus landing herself in real dirt

Dear Dairy,

You won't believe what happened yesterday. Well, neither can I but I learnt a real lesson; alas, a lesson learnt the hard way.

I was pacing from one corner of my room to the other, I couldn't sit down, not even on my oh-so-soft shaggy rug which was usually my only comfort at home, until I found a way to go at the opening of a glitzy café. It was an important event for me considering all my friends were going to be meeting there. I wriggled my peach painted toe nails and started to text Laiba. Laiba was my new best friend; she was so cool, and she knew how to dodge parents when they were being a pain in the head.

Tell her we have to combine study. Teacher's orders.

I clicked my cell phone shut and hollered " MOOoom" after calling her three times she came in, annoyed.

"I keep telling you to come to me when you want to talk to me instead of yelling!"

"Whatever.. Our science teacher has made pairs at school for combined study. It's just a one day thingy and I have to go at Laiba's. She is coming to pick me."

"I will be back in a few hours," I said when heard her honking the car horn at the street.

Without waiting for her reply I stepped in my 6 inch high JimmyChoos and headed out.

Half an hour later Lily and I were nursing our glasses of cocktail juices with the rest of the crowd. Sasha, the boy whom Lily liked was looking at me appreciatively. I held my head high, I was better than Lily.

At 11.30, Sasha and I headed out, I had accepted his offer to drop me home, ignoring mom's sixth call, he and I headed towards his car, Lily bumped into me and skillfully kicked at my 6 inch JimmyChoos and I fell face flat on the road. My face and clothes were now covered in dirt.

Sasha and Lily burst out laughing. With little dignity left, I stood up.

In one call both my parents came to pick me up. I could only think, did I really betray my parents for these people? To fall in dirt while they laughed? Suddenly the café was no longer as glamorous as it stood before. My parents were the ones who loved me for me. My real friends. I sincerely apologised to them and decided to get the dirt off me before it left its mark......

The adaab of reading the Holy Quran

Compiled by ***Javeria Chinoy***

Perform Wudhu before reciting the Holy Quran.

It is permissible to recite the Quran without Wudhu from memory without handling the Quran.

It is not permissible for a person on whom Ghusl is compulsory, to recite Quran at all, even from memory.

Use a Miswaak and ensure that the mouth is thoroughly cleaned from strong smells such as garlic, raw onions, cigarette etc.

Sit in a respectful manner facing the Qibla (if possible). One should not lean against anything or stretch ones legs whilst reading the Holy Quran.

Place the Quran in an elevated position such as a Rihal (Quran stand), desk or pillow. Never place the Quran on the floor or where people stand or sit.

It is recommended to use *itr* before reciting.

Hold the Quran with the right hand in a respectful manner close to the chest.

Read Durood Shareef odd number of times before and after reciting the Quran.

Read Ta'awwuz and Tasmiyah before reciting.

Read the Quran with the rules of Tajweed with complete attention and devotion.

Read the Quran in a manner that you do not disturb anyone.

Do not talk whilst reading the Quran. In case of an emergency, close the Quran before talking.

Do not place anything on top of the Quran except another Quran.

Do not sit and read the Quran facing someone's back.

Do not stand or sit higher than the Quran when the Quran is in sight. ●

ورتل القرآن ترتيلا

Sacrifice. My life!

A spectacular story by ***Bint Aftab*** illustrating the real spirit behind the celebrations of Eid-ul-Adha

It was Ali's first Eid in Pakistan, and he was entranced by the festivities. He had never seen so many animals in one place, and that too, colourful, decorated animals that sometimes wore even more jewelry than he had seen on his mother.

Every street he passed, he would see flocks of goats, a cow or two, occasionally sheep and sometimes camels being herded along the sidewalk. Every relative he visited was busy cleaning, cooking and shopping for Eid. Everyone was in a rush to hire butchers to slaughter their animals.

He was mystified. As an eight-year-old boy born and bred in Europe, where he had seen absolutely nothing even slightly similar to this, he failed to recognise the importance of such a festival.

It seemed like a custom to him, a cultural necessity fulfilled every year, for unlike Eid-ul-Fitr, where everyone fasted for a month before celebrating, to him this Eid just came up at the end of the year as an excuse to socialise, buy new clothes, and eat a lot of delicious food.

So the afternoon of Eid, when the animals at his grandfather's house were being slaughtered, he approached his grandfather, who was supervising the slaughter with Ali's Uncle.

"Dada Jan, can I talk to you?" He asked, the endearment sounding funny and cute in his foreign accent.

"Yes, son, go ahead," Mr. Rizwan turned to look at his grandson.

"I don't understand any of this," Ali confessed.

"What is it you don't understand?"

Ali's mild and quiet nature accompanied with his intelligence and maturity beyond his years was what made his Uncle also peer at him curiously. He had a gift of saying overwhelmingly mature and thought-out yet innocent things that left his elders often speechless, and this often resulted in everyone around listening and actually paying attention when he spoke.

"All this. This… function."

"Function, you mean Eid?"

"Yes! I don't understand why you do all this. This… buying animals, slaughtering them, celebrating for three days. What's the use?"

Mr. Rizwan smiled gently at the frustrated boy and explained, "Eid is one of the two festivals of Islam. Every community has its festivals, for Muslims, the only festivals are Eid-ul-Fitr and Eid-ul-Azha. Eid day is a combination of the many acts of worship that we observe together on one day: Eid Prayer, *Takbeer, Sadqat-ul-Fitr,* remembrance of Allah ﷻ, and sacrifice."

"That's one thing I don't understand at all," Ali replied, "What are we sacrificing, Dada jan?"

Mr. Rizwan gazed at his grandson, puzzled greatly by the question, "We're sacrificing animals, of course, to remember the sacrifice that Hazrat Ibrahim عليه السلام made by obeying Allah's ﷻ command to slaughter his son; Allah ﷻ only wanted to test Hazrat Ibrahim عليه السلام, and thus replaced Hazrat Ismail عليه السلام with a lamb."

"But that's what I don't understand. Hazrat Ibrahim عليه السلام sacrificed his *son.* What we're doing… how is this a sacrifice? We're buying the animals, and we broadcast to the entire community exactly how much each animal costs, and after we slaughter them, we're eating the meat, and we're throwing parties, wearing new clothes, and having fun. How is that a sacrifice?"

"I think those are just petty words," Ali said crossly, "no one I know has ever sacrificed anything like that.
"No, that's not true. I know many people who sacrifice their wants for others," said Ali's uncle.

For a few seconds, Mr. Rizwan was once again dumbfounded.

"Because it's the intent behind the sacrifice, son!" He finally said, "We sacrifice animals to remember Ibrahim عليه السلام's sacrifice. When we slaughter animals and remember the great sacrifice made by our forefather, we feel passionate and eager to sacrifice more and more in the way of Allah ﷻ. This way we learn to also give up on our wants, especially when someone asks a favour from us, we remember that sacrifice and honour it by sacrificing our own needs. When the devil urges us to sin, we remember our promise to Allah ﷻ and refrain from it and thus once again sacrifice our nafs's desires."

Mr. Rizwan's youngest son and Ali's Uncle, Ahmad, tried not to flinch as his father's words reminded him of a neighbour he had talked to that very morning.

The neighbor had said, "Ahmad Bhai, my car has been stolen and you know that I have no other means of transport. So could you perhaps share with your brother and lend me your car for the second and third day of Eid? I have guests over from Lahore and I'm afraid I have no other choice. It will be a bother for you, but I will be in your debt and *Insha'Allah,* you will be rewarded."

Ahmed had replied, "I'm sorry, Karim Bhai, but I also need the car. How can you expect me to give you my car when you know that I do not have a spare car? I will have to share with my brother, and he already has his own family. Besides, I also have my guests to look after, and I don't want to ruin my Eid. I'm sorry, but it's your problem and you should deal with it."

"I think those are just petty words," Ali said crossly, "no one I know has ever sacrificed anything like that. It doesn't affect anyone throughout the year—it's just a cultural festival and a custom."

For the first time since Ali had brought forward his confusion, Ahmad spoke up.

"No, that's not true. I know many people who sacrifice their wants for others."

"Name one instance that anyone I know did that."

"This morning, my neighbour asked me if he could borrow my car for two days, and he's going to

Continued on pg 21

I spy with my radiant eye

Come on let's play 'I spy'. Remember it is all about Hajj. Join each clue with the correct answer on the right.

Clue	Answer
I spy with my radiant eye The day we stay at Arafat	Kabah
I spy with my radiant eye Something situated inside Masjid al-Haram	Jabal-e-Rahmat
I spy with my radiant eye Something we sacrifice	Jamaraat
I spy with my radiant eye Something we can do a lot of during Hajj	10th Dhul Hijjah
I spy with my radiant eye Something situated next to mina	An animal
I spy with my radiant eye Something we should not do during Hajj	Dua
I spy with my exploring eye The day we shave or trim our hair	Fight
I spy with my exploring eye The mount in Arafat	9th Dhul Hijjah

Who built the Kabah?

The Kabah is covered with a black cloth with verses of the Holy Quran embroidered on it with golden thread. What is this cloth known as?

What is the name of the special stone set in the Kabah?

Where did this special stone come from?

What is the Masjid surrounding the Kabah known as?

Why did the tribe of Quraish had to re-built the Kabah?

Interesting letters!

Dear Nike,
Please stop telling people to just do it. That's my job.
Sincerely,
Peer pressure.

Dear Greenland,
We've successfully deceived the tourists. Good work.
Sincerely,
Iceland.

Dear Facebook,
Just wait, one day they'll abandon you as well.
Sincerely,
MySpace.

Dear Alarm Clock,
Can't you see that I am in the middle of a good dream?
Sincerely,
Please Be Quiet.

Dear Potato chips Companies,
I am not an optimist; that bag is half empty.
Sincerely,
Consumer.

Dear conscience,
You're dismissed.
Sincerely,
I don't really care anymore.

Dear Twix,
Need a moment? Seriously.....
That's your slogan? Give me a break.
Sincerely,
Kit Kat.

Dear Skinny people,
At least if I get stabbed I am more likely to survive.
Sincerely,
Obesity does have its benefits.

Dear Pakisatn,
I heard you need a new president. Well, I need a summer job.
Sincerely,
This Might Be Perfect.

Dear Mosquitoes,
At least we give people honey.
Sincerely,
Bees.

science nugget

Why can't we see salt in the ocean?

Seawater is a solution. That means that all the molecules present move around so happily together that there are no boundaries between different parts. That's another easy way of saying that inside the solution there are no places that can bend or reflect light. So the solution is perfectly clear.

If we take the water away by letting its molecules escape into the air, then the salts are left behind as crystals. Now there are boundaries at the surface of each crystal and it's easy to see the salts.

When a quart of seawater loses all its water by evaporation, it will leave about an ounce—or about a tablespoon—of salt. Most of that is sodium chloride, the same stuff that is in the saltshaker on your table.

www.highlightskids.com

The epilogue to the thrilling tale by ***Bint Aftab*** of a boy who left a sinful life and entered a new existence only to feel that there wasn't a minute of the day that he didn't feel happy and peaceful

That l00k of contempt

Part 4 of 4

He was walking instead of driving today, and he didn't know that each step that took him closer to the masjid brought him closer to his destiny. He felt as if finally, after so many years of wandering aimlessly, he was finding his purpose and reason to exist.

He didn't know, as he neared the gate of the masjid, that he would emerge from this very place as a completely different person. The Zaid, who liked his name because he could be called nicknames like Zee and Zed, would now like his name because it was the name of a companion, the adopted son of the Holy Prophet ﷺ, Zaid bin Haris ؓ. The Zaid who looked up to musicians and film stars would now hope to become like his namesake, an honourable servant of Allah ﷻ. The Zaid who would flee from thoughts of death would now wish to die as a martyr. The Zaid who used to often think he was too engulfed in sins to hope for guidance would realise that if Allah ﷻ wishes, a book, a verse, a whisper or even a look of contempt is enough for guiding someone to the right path.

It takes a moment to fall off the Straight Way, and a moment to get back on it.

The two boys stepped down the stairs with huge smiles on their faces. They were both dressed similarly in white shalwar kameez—the shalwar seemed a little short because it didn't cover their ankles. Brown curly hair peeked out from the white caps on their heads. One was seven, and the other five, and both clutched the hands of a young man who could only be their father. The man was dressed as simply, and in a similar manner, as them. The only thing different in their appearance was their complexion and the man's long beard.

The three walked to a car parked opposite the masjid; the man closed the doors after the two boys were in, and then got in the front seat. The car started.

"Baba, are we going to the shop?" The younger of the two asked, "you promised Amma you'd get the grocery today, remember?"

The man smiled, "Yes, Ahmad, I remember."

"Can we get samosas on the way home, Baba?" The older boy craned his neck to look at his father; he'd been gazing outside the window.

His father didn't have a chance to answer, because Ahmad had interjected with a loud shout.

"Yes! Samosas! Please, Baba, please! Zahra Phoppo is coming too, and you said that we should always treat guests, shouldn't we?"

Their father looked amused, and he said quietly, "Ahmad is always going to use that excuse to get what he wants, isn't he, Abdullah?"

Abdullah laughed softly, nodding.

"Well, we'll see, boys."

The car was parked outside a small general store, and the three got out. The boys were already in the shop by the time their father had locked the car.

Smiling at his sons' eagerness, he went inside too, and leaving them to their own devices, started searching for the things his wife

had listed.

He was halfway through the things when he overheard Abdullah chiding Ahmad, and decided to listen in.

"But I want these! My friend also had them, and they're very tasty!" The five-year-old boy was clutching a packet of chips to his chest.

"But Ahmad, look at this," Abdullah used the same tone his father used when dealing with them; gentle and soft, "it has eyes on it. Do we want to take something with a picture on it in our house?"

"I don't care. I want to get them for lunch tomorrow! And my friend had them too!"

"Won't your teacher scold you for bringing a picture to school?"

He nodded with a pout, "She always says the same things Baba and Amma tell us. She scolds us if we bring anything that has a picture on it."

"So, you keep these back, and let's take the other ones, ok?" Abdullah picked up another packet; this one without any illustrations on it.

"Fine."

Pride surged in his heart as he gazed at his sons. His lips curved into a smile, and he turned back to his work.

"Baba, you forgot Fatima's cereal!" Abdullah reminded him a few minutes later, "Baba!"

But 'Baba' was too busy watching his Ahmad help an aged man pick up his fallen groceries off the ground. Once he'd put them all on the counter, the elder asked him his name and whose son he was.

"Mohammad Ahmad bin Zaid!" Ahmad introduced proudly.

Once again, a proud smile lit up the father's face. He was silently thanking Allah ﷻ for making him able enough to teach his children what really mattered.

He was, however, shaken out of his reverie by a small hand that clutched at the hem of his shirt.

"Baba!" Abdullah exclaimed.

"Not so loud, son," he chided gently, "what is it?"

"Your daughter's going to cry a lot when Amma has to feed her porridge instead of cereal," Abdullah reminded him.

His father smiled teasingly, "You can cry for attention too; don't be jealous of Fatima."

> **"Once again, a proud smile lit up the father's face. He was silently thanking Allah ﷻ for making him able enough to teach his children what really mattered.**

Abdullah just smiled back, "So… do I get the cereal? You can start putting the stuff in shoppers."

"Okay. *Jazak'Allah.*"

They were finished in a few minutes, and very soon the three were back in the car. The boys chattered aimlessly about school and Madressah, while their father concentrated on his driving. Stopping at the red light though cars were honking endlessly behind him, he glanced at his watch.

He was late, he realised. His wife would have already finished with her prayers, daily evening recitations and supplications. In fact, she probably would have already set the food.

A smile curved his mouth when he thought of what she would be doing. Most likely, she would be massaging his mother's forehead like she did before bed every night or doing the chores of the house.

"Baba, you forgot the samosas!" Ahmad accused as he parked the car outside their house.

"I remembered that your mother has fried nuggets and potatoes," he corrected his son with a gentle smile, "come on, let's go."

As he sat with his family after dinner that night and watched his sons tell their mother about their day while simultaneously playing with his daughter, Zaid contemplated.

His life wasn't just happy (though there wasn't a minute of the day that he didn't feel happy), it was peaceful. Every second he spent, with his family or away from them, resting or working, Zaid was filled with a sense of belonging and peace, as if he was really doing what he was meant to do, what he was sent to do. He only now realised what a blessing that, in itself, was.

But what he thanked Allah ﷻ from the bottom of his heart for, every time he saw his children smiling, was that they would not have to suffer what he did. They would not have to live a life that was so conflicting and sinful, and they would not have to go through the painful, torturous phase he had to go through to change himself.

For it had been extremely difficult, Zaid acknowledged. Changing oneself takes patience and a lot of tolerance. It is a slow, agonising and torturous phase he was glad his children would never have to go through. Because Allah ﷻ had given him the opportunity to change, blessed with a humble and practicing wife, had made him able enough to raise good Muslim children who would hopefully be the next carriers of Islam.

Yes, Zaid decided, he had a lot of things to be thankful for.

The heavens poured down on me

by ***Zawjah Baber***

The sky was dark, very dark
The winds too had ceased…
Instead they whispered in my ears:
"Come on, let your heart's load be released."

Sweeter than the sweetest melody,
Was the tune of the rain today.
How the water of the seas become vapour,
Then for a period on the clouds they stay.

The life of a cloud is a parting and a meeting,
And isn't too the life of our souls?
They become separated from the greater Spirit
To dwell in this world - a world sweet and sour.

Passing like a cloud over the mountains of sorrow,
As well as over the plains of joy and peace.
To meet the breeze of death and make a return,
Blotting an ultimate end to its fleeting lease.

Grass and flowers, birds and skies; 'Allah' they all enchanted,
Savouring this scene bringing pearls to grace down my cold cheeks,
And I discerned how divine it felt,
When the heavens poured down on me.

Cured

by ***Hamza Javed***

Same dish whenever cooked,
Complain I always make,
Never my sight gets ever hooked,
At the poor boy beside a lake.

Adjacent to my bed is my cupboard,
Full of branded clothes,
Possess sure I plenty of things,
Yet I urge for more and more.

Changed my life the thing that did,
My laughter gone so fade,
Thinking of the day to taste the death,
Being laid in a narrow grave.

Thus now I seek forgiveness oh Lord,
And thank you for having my heedlessness cured.
I feel blessed, I feel bestowed,
I ask for mercy with tears and my head bowed.

Moniba Abdul Jabber continues in the series of *sirah* of Beloved Rasoolullah ﷺ, for where there is *sirah,* there is *imaan* – and how true the inverse!

Muslims didn't give up

Tufayl a renowned and respectable poet of his tribe was also one of those people whose ears reached the lies about Rasoolullah ﷺ. Tufayl was frightened by what he had heard that he moved about with cotton balls stuffed in his ears, lest the words of Rasoolullah ﷺ reach his ears. Once when Tufayl saw Rasoolullah ﷺ offering Salah he was impressed by the few words of Quran that he could hear despite having his woolen earplugs on. He thought to himself, I am an intelligent person and indeed I am a gifted poet. I am not a child that I can't tell the difference between what is true and what is false. If the verses are fair then I will accept them and if they are foul, I will reject them. He then followed Rasoolullah ﷺ to his house and spoke with him there. He told him all about the lies he had heard and how he had seen and heard him offering Salah. He then asked Rasoolullah ﷺ about those words and his mission. Rasoolullah ﷺ explained him all about his mission and the great words of Allah ﷻ, after which Tufayl brought belief in Islam too.

The Arabs could not bear to see that so many of the other Arabs were accepting Islam right before their eyes; their slaves practicing Islam right under their noses. They still stood stubbornly against Prophet Rasoolullah ﷺ even after seeing how unbeatable he had become and how he had the support of his uncle Abu Talib – an influential person amongst the Arabs. They wouldn't listen to the beautiful words of the Holy Quran for they hated the Prophet ﷺ and the early Muslims.

They tried everything from giving the Muslims loathsome looks to mockery but nothing seemed to form even as much as a hole in the steadfastness of the Muslims. They called the Prophet ﷺ a liar and went as far as calling him insane. They made it popular that he was possessed by Jinn. They tried to harm him, pushed him, even made him trip over. They gathered together to create evil plans about hurting Prophet ﷺ verbally or physically. But such was the beauty of our Rasoolullah's ﷺ character that he never said a word against them and retaliated with a calm smile. He remained at peace and never showed even a pinch of anger.

> *"Bilal رضي الله عنه was not the only slave who suffered greatly but there were more whose masters showed no mercy.*

The Arabs were also sometimes ashamed of what they did to Prophet ﷺ and other Muslims because somewhere deep inside their hearts they knew what the truth was. They had always known Prophet ﷺ for his well manners, trustworthiness, honesty and modesty. They knew he could not tell such big lies. They knew that the words of the Holy Quran told the truth. They could also see that the verses of Quran were a masterpiece and were exceptionally perfect and they could only have been written by a divine power.

The Arabs realised that whatever they did remained ineffective and thus they became desperate to vanquish the name of Islam from the land of Arabia. They now turned to the early converts who were poor and unlike Prophet ﷺ had no one at their backs for support. Abu Lahab - one of the greatest enemies of Islam of that time - joined with some other Arabs to resist Islam and to make the Muslims abandon their faith. They persecuted the Muslims to such an extent that the Prophet ﷺ asked some of the early converts to keep their conversion a secret.

One of the poor victims of the persecution was Bilal رضي الله عنه the slave of Umayyam bin Khalf who was

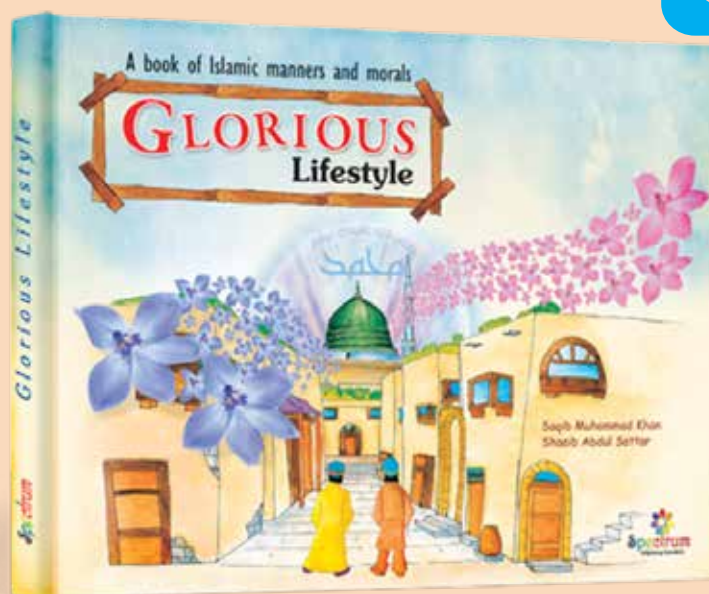
infuriated with the news of Bilal's conversion. He then began to torture Bilal ؓ by starving him and dragging him across the streets with a rope tied around his neck. Bilal ؓ also would have to bear the crashing weight of large heavy stones on his chest while lying on the scorching hot sand. Despite the severe torture and persecution Bilal ؓ kept uttering words of Shahadah and stood firm on his belief. When Abu Bakr ؓ learned what Bilal was going through, he bought Bilal ؓ at a very high price and freed him.

Bilal ؓ was not the only slave who suffered greatly but there were more whose masters showed no mercy. Ammar bin Yasir ؓ and his parents, the early converts, faced such persecution that knew no limits. The oppression and torture took the lives of both his father and his mother, Sumayya ؓ, who the first woman martyred in Islam.

Abu Lahab had his sons married to two of Rasoolullah's ﷺ daughters, Ruqaiyya and Umm Kulthum. He had been very happy at the event of their marriages. But Rasoolullah ﷺ felt deeply pained to see how Abu Lahab made both his sons divorce their wives. Such was the extent of his hatred for Rasoolullah ﷺ. He even felt joy and happiness when the Prophet's ﷺ son died.

There was something about to happen that would make the Arabs want to finish off every last Muslim on earth and wipe out the name of Islam forever. ●

Continued InshaAllah

the book club

A glorious lifestyle

A book of Islamic manners and morals

Authors ***Saqib Muhammad Khan*** and ***Shoaib Abdul Sattar***
Published by ***Spectrum Publishers***
Reviewed by ***Mayera Tufail***

'A Glorious Lifestyle' is an important resource and an excellent means of imparting Islamic education to teenagers and children. The book begins on a very essential note that Muslims unfortunately tend to ignore the importance of Sunnah in their daily lives. The authors should be credited on how they have made the book quite interesting by creating fictional Muslim characters, who become our teachers, taking us on a journey to learn the Sunnah of our Beloved Prophet ﷺ.

These characters perform everyday tasks of waking up, eating, drinking and dressing up as prescribed by the Holy Prophet ﷺ and to ease the learning process, the tasks have been displayed in colourful illustrations, which instantly grab the attention of the readers.

This book also provides a very comprehensive insight into the life of our role model through the masnoon duas that we can recite to pave our path towards Paradise. Emphasis is also laid on moral values and ills of the society that are very much rampant in the youth of today.

All in all, the book is a must have for beginners who want to learn and implement the Sunnah in their lives and understand the Islamic principles for leading a fruitful and peaceful life. ●

Birbal the wise – XI

Emperor Akbar once ruled over India. He was a wise and intelligent ruler, and he had in his court the Nine Gems, his nine advisors, who were each known for a particular skill. One of these Gems was Birbal, known for his wit and wisdom. The story below is one of the examples of his wit. Do you have it in you to find out the answer?

One day a scholar came to the court of Emperor Akbar and challenged Birbal to answer his questions and thus prove that he was as clever as people said he was.

He asked Birbal: "Would you prefer to answer a hundred easy questions or just a single difficult one?"

Both the emperor and Birbal had had a difficult day and were impatient to leave.

"Ask me one difficult question," said Birbal.

"Well, then tell me," said the man, "which came first into the world, the chicken or the egg?"

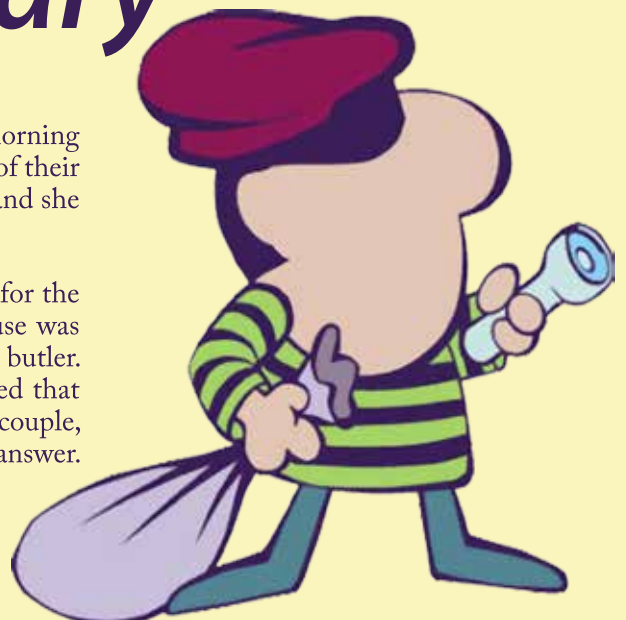
"The chicken," replied Birbal, very confidently.

"How do you know that?" asked the scholar, a note of triumph in his voice.

What did Birbal answer to this?

Sunday burglary

A couple that owned a mansion came home one Sunday morning to find that their safe had been robbed. They gathered all of their hired services for questioning. The cook was questioned first and she said that she was busy preparing the Sunday dinner.

Next was the butler but he said that he was setting the table for the Sunday dinner. Then they questioned the maid and her excuse was that she had been cleaning the dining room along with the butler. So they moved on and asked the groundskeeper and he stated that after finishing the pruning he went out to get the mail. The couple, stumped by the reasonable alibis soon found that they had the answer. Who was it?

Answers on pg 22

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At your doorsteps

As I woke up in the morning, I could hear the shouts and cries of my young cousins. It was the day before our flight to Jeddah, my aunts and their families had come to congratulate us for the holy journey we were about to embark upon. The living room was filled with sounds of laughter and merriment. Everyone had something to say, my aunt requested me to pray for my uncle's health; my elder cousin gifted me a beautiful *tasbeeh*, while the rest of them kept narrating their experiences of the journey.

"You know Allah ﷻ accepts all your prayers when you see the Kabah for the first time," my uncle said in a voice filled with emotion.

"Then we can ask for anything we want," my young brother rubbed his hands happily.

"If you remember it," replied my uncle smiling mysteriously at my brother.

I did not understand what my uncle meant by this. 'Why we won't remember anything', I thought to myself. This question puzzled me as I went away to help my grandmother with her packing.

The next day was filled with tremendous excitement; I woke up early to pack my belongings but there was so much to be done at the eleventh hour! We managed to reach the airport just in time for the flight. The flight was tiresome as we had to take connecting flights; first we flew to Dubai and stayed for a little at the airport and then went on to fly to Jeddah. We observed the *ihram* (pilgrimage dress) from the Dubai airport. The immigration took fairly long as the lines moved quite slowly at the Jeddah airport.

Everyone was very tired by the time we came out of the airport. As we hired a car to drive us to our hotel in Makkah, our exhaustion vanished and was replaced with immense thrill. All of us started to pester our parents with various questions. After a resting in our hotel rooms we headed for Masjid Al Haraam. We were finally going to perform the Umrah and most of all; we were all going to see the Kabah for the very first time.

The feeling was so intense that I could hear my heart beating in my chest. We got closer and I could see the entrance to the masjid. The excitement grew and my hands were shaking as we took off our slippers to go inside.

"Keep your heads down, do not look up until I say so," my father said.

This was so that we could say all our duas at once and with the most intense of feelings when very near the Kabah. Walking inside the masjid, towards the Kabah seemed like the longest walk I had ever made.

Alas the suspense was too much; I could not keep my head down. No words in the world can explain the emotions I felt next. I looked up, for one complete minute I was struck with its beauty. I stared in awe at the Kabah, it was so huge and stood there like a majestic creation. It was as if a strong spell had been casted upon me, I could not remember who I was and what I was doing here. I was completely unaware of myself and others around me. Tears started flowing down my cheeks, I was crying. It was as if I saw a flicker of Allah ﷻ. It was so stunning.

My uncle was right. I could not remember to ask Allah ﷻ for anything. But oh, as quickly as I realised that my uncle was right, amid that awestruck feeling and with pearls overflowing from my eyes, I managed to ask Allah ﷻ for His pleasure and forgiveness over my sins. ●

Mahil Tufail takes us on an awe-inspiring journey - when she first set her gaze upon the Holy Kabah

The second of the two

Zawjah Zia takes us on a touching tale of the foremost of our leading lights, a beloved Sahabah, Hadhrat Abu Bakr Siddiq ﵁

How do we define a true friend? The standard that is oft-repeated is 'A friend in need is a friend indeed'. Well, it's very true! When the first *Wahi* (revelation) of the Quran was sent upon Rasoolullah's ﷺ heart, things got really difficult for him. For one thing, he got scared by the incident when angel Jibra'il ﵇ came to him in the cave of Hira. Secondly, when people got to know about the incident, they started fabricating all sorts of gossip and even started making fun of our Beloved Prophet ﷺ.

In these times of nerve-wrecking circumstances, Rasoolullah ﷺ had very few people who stood by him from day one. One of these people was his truest friend Sayyidina Abu Bakr ﵁ who accepted the truth without any question. Similarly, at the time of Mai'raaj of Rasoolullah ﷺ, Abu Bakr ﵁ heard the foolish gossip that Abu Jahl was floating and his reaction was only that, 'If it's coming from Muhammad ﷺ, then I believe it must be nothing but truth and I totally accept it by heart.' And that is why Abu Bakr ﵁ got his title *'As-Siddiq'* meaning 'the one who testifies to the truth.'

The incident of the first *Wahi* was not the only one that proved the nobility of Abu Bakr's ﵁ friendship and devotion for Rasoolullah ﷺ. Rather, Abu Bakr ﵁ always preceded the rest of the blessed companions of the Prophet ﷺ in all virtues. Be it the case of charity, feeding the hungry, entertaining guests or freeing slaves, no one could ever beat Abu Bakr ﵁ in taking the best and the biggest chunks of these good deeds. For this reason, he was also called *'As saabiqoon al Awwaloon'*.

When Rasoolullah ﷺ received the permission from Allah ﷻ to migrate to Madinah, he went to break the news to Abu Bakr ﵁ in the sheer midday heat. On hearing the news, Abu Bakr's ﵁ first concern was if he'd be allowed to accompany Rasoolullah ﷺ or not. When Rasoolullah ﷺ replied in the affirmative, Abu Bakr's ﵁ joy knew no bounds and he started crying because of the gratitude he felt at being allowed the company of his dearer than life friend.

Then, during the journey when both of them had to take refuge in the cave of Thawr, Abu Bakr ﵁ protected Rasoolullah ﷺ with his life. For this reason he was called 'the second of the two'. Also, Rasoolullah ﷺ gave him the glad tidings that he'd be Rasoolullah's *'Rafeeq e uula'* (first companion) in the Jannah for he was his companion in the cave of Thawr.

Rasoolullah ﷺ is reported to have said, "I can repay for everyone's favours but I can never repay for the favours of Abu Bakr and his clan."

Reciprocating the affection, Abu Bakr ﵁ held Rasoolullah's ﷺ words as his command and was able to copy the Prophet's ﷺ wisdom and grace. It was the twelfth of Rabi-ul-Awwal, 11 A.H., a Monday morning, when the greatest tragedy struck the Muslims. Shocked and numbed by this calamity, some companions refused to believe

that Rasoolullah ﷺ had passed away, while others were silenced by the shock and distress. Sayyidina Umar ؓ became angered at the news and protested and refused to accept it, but Abu Bakr ؓ entered Amma Aisha's ؓ room (where Rasoolullah ﷺ lay) and kissed his forehead before going out to the people and delivering a sermon, saying, "O you who worshipped Muhammad ﷺ! Muhammad ﷺ has now died. But you who worship Allah ﷻ! Allah ﷻ is Ever-living and shall never die!"

Even after losing the Prophet ﷺ whom he loved more than his life itself, Hazrat Abu Bakr Siddiq ؓ exercised great calm and patience, and remained steadfast over his teachings. As per Rasoolullah's ﷺ *Wassiyyah*, Abu Bakr Siddiq ؓ became the first caliph of Islam. Although the caliphate of Abu Bakr ؓ extended till his death over two years only, yet it not only made an impact on history, but changed the very course of history.

Abu Bakr Siddiq ؓ came to power in the midst of a crises-loaded situation. The crises which he was called upon to encounter were multidimensional; being physiological, political, religious and international. At the time of his accession, Islam faced discord and strife, and any wrong step would have led to the disintegration of Islam. But Abu Bakr Siddiq ؓ proved his stature by being a great friend of Islam at that time of need, *Masha'Allah*.

Continued from pg 9

come and take the car whenever it suits him."

"And what are you going to do?" It was Mr. Rizwan instead of Ali who asked the question; there was a hint of pride in his eyes as he gazed at his son.

"I'll share with Bhai and you," he replied evenly.

"Satisfied, Ali?" Mr. Rizwan smiled at Ali.

"Yes, Dada Jan, I think I understand now. *Jazak'Allah*," the boy smiled back, quite fascinated.

Mr. Rizwan then glanced at his son, who, with shame clear in his eyes, had already dialed up his neighbour's number to apologise to him and ask him to take the car whenever he needed it.

The story of greed

Fatimah bint Rahat
Class: 5
School: Reflection

Once there was a pond called "The Fish Pond". There were many fish in that pond. There was also a crab in that pond. The fish liked the crab and did what he said.

But what happened that the rain did not fall for some days and the days were so hot that the pond started drying and thus there was a very small amount of water left. The fish in the pond were very worried. All of them gathered around the crab because they wanted to know how to save their lives.

In the meantime an eagle came flying by. It said to the crab that some hunters are coming to hunt some fish. The crab told this to the fish so they started to cry. The eagle who saw the fish crying suggested that he would take the fish to another nearest pond. The fish agreed.

But one by one he took the fish to the corner and ate them. Soon the crab got to know and punished the eagle by grabbing his head into his mouth.

Moral: So friends you just saw what we get for being greedy. So never be greedy for Allah punishes those who show greediness.

Answers

from pg 10

Kabah Quiz

Hadhrat Ibrahim ﷺ and Hadhrat Ismail ﷺ
Kiswah
Hajr Al Aswad
Heaven
Masjid ul Haram
Because of the flood

I spy

1) 9th Dhul Hijjah
2) Kabah
3) Animals
4) Dua
5) Jamaraat
6) Fight
7) 10th Dhul Hijjah
8) Jabal-e-Rahmat

from pg 17

Birbal the wise – XI

Birbal told the scholar, "We had agreed you would ask only one question and you have already asked it," and he and the emperor walked away leaving the scholar gaping!

Sunday burglary

The cook's alibi is reasonable. The butler and maid are innocent because they mention working together in the same room yet they are questioned separately so they are truthful. However the mail doesn't come on Sunday so it is the groundskeeper who is guilty.

The man who broke the idols

By ***Faiq,***
English Language Student,
Jamia Bait us salam

Long ago, there once lived a very famous man in a village. His name was Azar and he was the seller of idols.

In the village, there was a very big house and in the house there were a lot of idols. The people used to worship the idols.

The son of Azar

Azar had a son, who was extremely wise. His name was Ibrahim ؑ. He used to see people worshipping idols. Ibrahim ؑ knew that the idols were only stones and that the idols could not speak or hear. He knew that the idols could not harm or benefit any one. He used to see flies sitting on the idols which too they could not remove themselves. He used to see rats eating their meals which they could not prevent.

Ibrahim ؑ used to ask himself that why the people were worshipping these idols.

The advice

Ibrahim ؑ said to his father, "O my father, why do you worship idols? And O my father, why do you prostrate in front of these idols? And O my father, why do you beg from these idols? These idols cannot give any harm or any benefit to you and these idols cannot hear and speak. Why do you put drinks and meals in front of them? O my father they cannot eat nor drink."

Azar got very angry at his son. Ibrahim ؑ also advised his people but they didn't understand him and used to get angry at Ibrahim.

Ibrahim ؑ said, "I will break the idols, then the people will understand."

And thus Ibrahim ؑ broke all the idols. The people asked who has broken all the idols to which Ibrahim ؑ said, "Why don't you ask these idols themselves?"

But of course the idols couldn't tell.

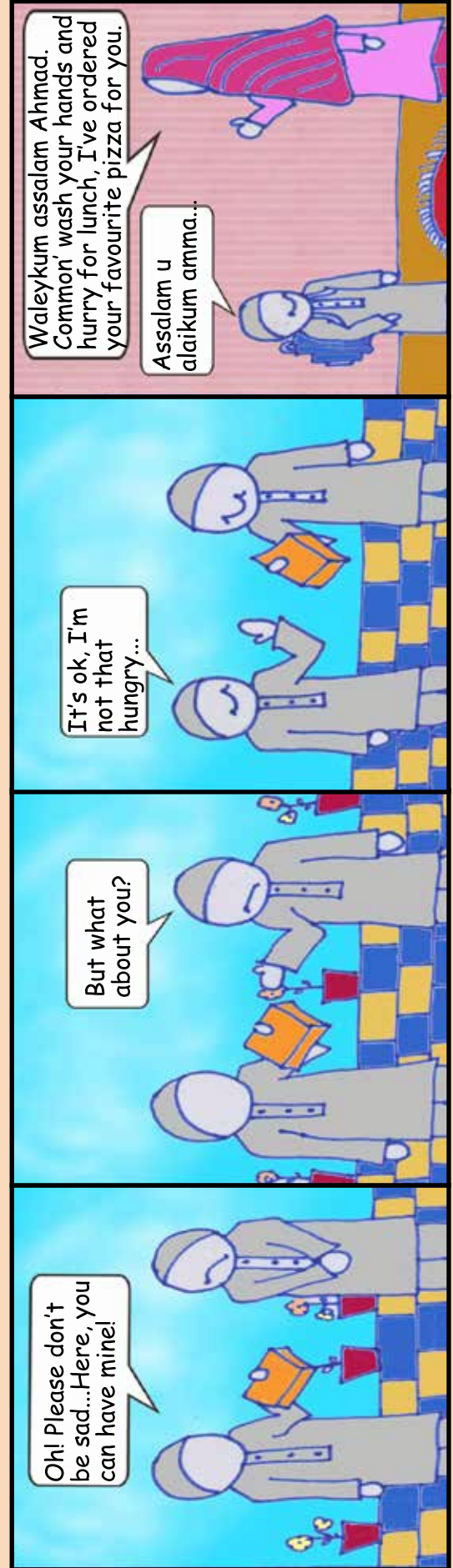
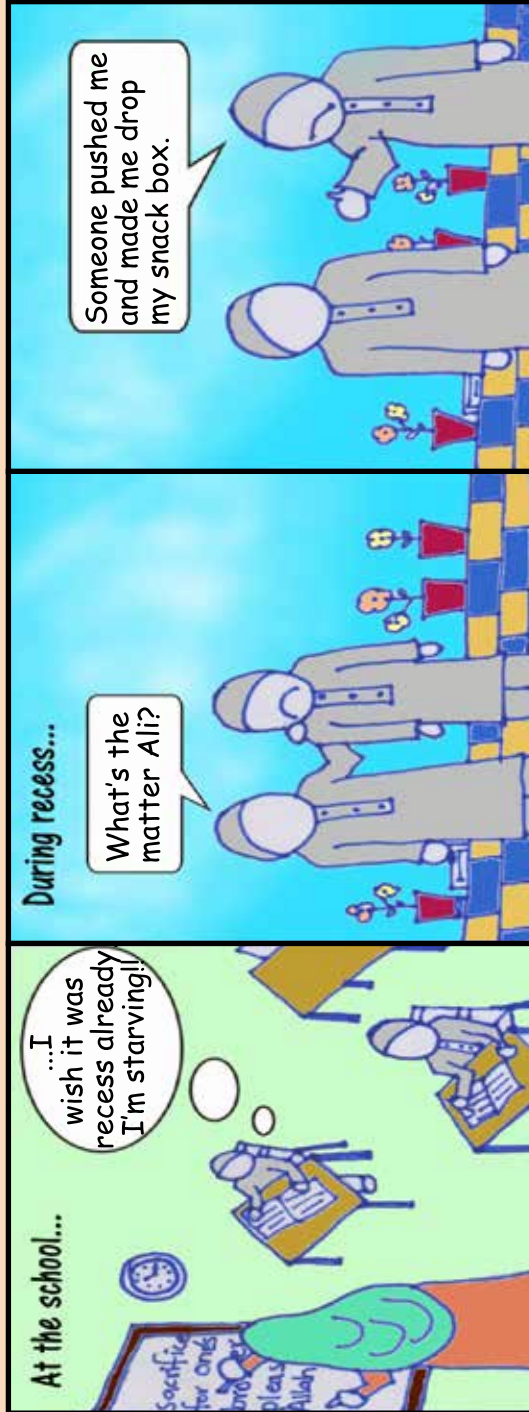
This is just one incident from Prophet Ibrahim's ؑ life, which tells us how wise and bold he was. ●

It is Wajib to recite the above Takbeer of Tashreeq immediately after every Fardh Salaah (including Eid Salaah) from the Fajr of 9th Dhul Hijjah (day before eid) until after the Asr prayer of the 13th Dhul Hijjah (third day after eid). Women recite silently.

There are no days greater in the sight of Allah and in which righteous deeds are more beloved to Him than these ten days, so during this time recite a great deal of Tehleel ("La ilaaha ill-Allah") and Takbeer.

comic

The Joys of Sacrifice

by *Zawjah Zia*

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My Basic Hajj Map

Step 1: Start at the Meeqat

Step 2: Perform Umrah

Step 3: Spend day and night of 8th Dhul Hijjah in Mina

Step 4: Spend the day of 9th Dhul Hijjah in Arafat

Step 5: Leave Arafat for Muzdalifa after sunset of 9th Dhul Hijjah. Recite talbiah on the way

Step 6: Spend Night in Muzdalifah

Step 7: 10th Dhul Hijjah
Today four things are to be done and following the order is Wajib

1- Stone large Jamaraat
2- Slaughter your sacrifice
3- Trim/shave hair
4- Perform Tawaf Al Ziyarat

Step 8: 11th and 12th Dhul Hijjah
Stone all three Jamaraat (Mustahab to stone on the 13th too)

Night of 10th and 11th Dhul Hijjah
Sleep in Mina (Mustahab to spend the 12th night too in Mina)

Step 9: Perform Tawaf Al Widaa before leaving Makkah

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